

Orbweavers

orphan_account

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Anxiety Disorder, Assault, Being Weird Together, Blood and Gore, Complicated Relationships, Complicit Actions, Coping Mechanisms, Depression, Developing Friendships, Dissociation, Existential Crisis, F/M, Gen, Horror, Implied/Referenced Suicide, Internal Conflict, Murder Mystery, OOC Territory, Other, Past Child Abuse, Psychic Abilities, Psychological Trauma, Questioning Morality, Racism, References to Other Books, Religious Conflict, Ritualistic behavior, Sexual Content, Snapshots, Spider Analogies, Uncomfortable subjects, Unlikely Friendships, empathic abilities, malevolence - Freeform

Language: English

Characters: Pennywise (IT), People of Derry

Relationships: Pennywise (IT) & Original Female Character(s), Pennywise (IT)/Original Character(s)

Status: In-Progress

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Rating: Mature

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 1

Words: 532

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Summary:

“I’ve got a new friend, all right. But what a gamble friendship is! Charlotte is fierce, brutal, scheming, bloodthirsty—everything I don’t like. How can I learn to like her, even though she is pretty and, of course, clever?”

— E.B. White, Charlotte's Web

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The Future

“Nervous.” His face was barely pressed into her collar. *“Nervous little bunny.”*

The skin he'd made was smooth and white as marble overlaid by chalk. His face and his hands, when he let her touch them, were never soft but always smooth and cool. He was suddenly so close to Melina, right there in the space where her neck and shoulder met with the intent on spooking her just a little bit. The fleeting but familiar thought that this would be the end wound Melina up and a spring coiled up in her belly, but only just. When it let go, the woman found it quite anticlimactic, which was a fleeting but familiar disappointment these days.

Pennywise shook her roughly, taking her further into his arms and squeezing her into a suffocating embrace. It was very animal, but Melina was reminded of being a child once, and holding onto her favorite doll with the same fierceness. There was something about clutching your favorite thing with all one's might that made it just as good as praying.

“Aren't I always?” Melina asked, already wrapping her arms beneath his and laying gentle hands at the base of his shoulders. Rubbing his back like she was his mother, and he was her child. *“I thought you liked that.”*

“Gonna kill you.” His words were said strangely, spoken in guttural frustration and desperation, and to Melina he sounded grieved. “I will. I will.”

Melina sighed silently, and leaned down to rest her head over his. She was spoiling him, coddling him, for no discernable gain on her behalf. Or so she told herself.

They were closer than they’d ever been, and Melina hated herself for thinking about how she’d like to just get it over with. Why, after trying her hand at being stubborn when the climate surrounding herself was its most damning, did she have to choose now to let happiness fall away? She’d been satiated, but her brain was doing terrible things again, making her question everything, and making her fear death when it was useless.

“You don’t have much time.” She was muffled by the collar of his costume, and the surprisingly thick fabric concealing her face. “It’s almost October. And as I recall, spiders don’t keep their prey for later for this long.”

Her strength was miniscule and so Melina couldn’t push him away to look into his inhuman eyes, though she wished she could. “Silk won’t make me last forever.”

“Silk?” He sounded so curious. He sounded so small.

A lump formed in Melina’s throat, and she lamented the way her eyes burned as tears came to them by laughing a watery laugh. She shook her head against the demon’s body, wanting to sink into the water

and hide her embarrassment.

Melina had plenty to say. She was grateful, horrified, and deeply ashamed. She'd been spared, and she'd felt more in this single year than she'd felt in the last 27 altogether.

"You have been my friend." She quoted in a whisper, feeling very maternal in that instant. Her habit of reading bedtime stories dredged up that feeling more and more. *"That in itself is a tremendous thing."*